THE FAMOVS Hiſtory of Sir Thomas Wyat.

With the Coronation of Queen Mary and the comming in of King PHILIP:

As it was plaied by the Queens Maieſties Seruants.

VVritten by *Thomas Deckers*, And *Iohn Webſter*.

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THE Famous Hiſtorie of *Sir* Thomas Wyat.

Enter Northumberland and Suffolke.

Suff: How fares the King, my Lord?

Nor: ſpeakes he cheerely?
Euen as a dying man, whoſe life,
Like to quick lightning, which is
no ſooner ſeene, but is extinct.

Suff: Is the Kings will confirm'd?

Nor: I, thats the point that we leuel at.
But oh, the confirmation of that will, tis all, tis all.

Suff: That will confirme my Daughter Queene.

Nor. Right, & my Sonne is married to your daughter.
My Lord, in an euen plaine way, I will
Deriue the Crowne vnto your Daughters head.
What though the King hath left behinde,
Two Siſters, lawfull and immediate heires,
To ſucceed him in his Throane. Lyes it not
In our powers to contradict it?
Haue we not the King and Counſels hands vnto it?
Tut, wee ſtand high in mans opinion,
And the worldes broad eye.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat.

Suff. Here comes Sir Thomas Wyat.

Nor: Sir Thomas booted and ſpur'd, whether away ſo faſt?

Wiat. It bootes me not to ſtay,
When in this land rebellion beares ſuch ſway.
Gods will, a Court! Tis chang'd
Since Noble *Henries* daies.
You haue ſet your handes vnto a will.
A will you well may call it:
So wils Northumberland:
So wils great *Suffolke*,
Againſt Gods will, to wrong thoſe Princely Maides.

Nor. Will you not ſubſcribe your hand with other of the Lords?
Not with me, that in my handes,
Surpriſe the Soueraigntie?

Wyat. Ile damb'd my ſoule for no man, no for no man,
Who at doomes day muſt anſwere for my ſinne?
Not you, nor you my Lordes.
Who nam'de Queene Iane in Noble *Henries* daies?
Which of you all durſt once diſplace his iſſue?
My Lords, my Lords, you whet your kniues ſo ſharp,
To carue your meate,
That they will cut your fingars.
The ſtrength is weakeneſſe that you build vpon,
The King is ſicke, God mend him, I, God mend him:
But were is ſoule from his pale body free,
Adieu my Lords, the Court no court for me. *Exit Wyat.*

North. Farwell, I feare thee not.
The Fly is angrie, but hee wants a ſting,
And all the Counſell: onely this peruerſe
And peeuiſh Lord, hath onely deny'd his hand
To the inueſting of your princely Daughter.
Hee's idle, and wants power.
Our Ocean ſhall theſe petty brookes deuoure,

Heere

Heere comes his Highneſſe Doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Suff: How fares his Highneſſe?
Doct: His body is paſt helpe.
We haue left our practice to the Diuines,
That they may cure his ſoule
Arun: Paſt phiſickes helpe, why then paſt hope of life,
Heere comes his Highneſſe Preacher:
Life reuerent man.

Enter preacher.

Pre. Life, life, though death his body doe diſſeuer,
Our King liues with the King of heauen for euer.
Nor. Dead! ſend for Heralds, call me Purſeuants,
Wher's the King at armes? in euerie market towne
Proclaime Queene *Iane.*
Suff. Beſt to take the opinion of the Counſell.
Nort. You are too timorous. We in our ſelues
Are power ſufficient: the King being dead,
This hand ſhall place the Crowne
On Queene *Janes* head.
Trumpets and Drums, with your notes reſound,
Her royal name, that muſt in ſtate be Crown'd *Exeũt Oms.*

Enter Guilford and Iane.

Guil: Our Couſen King is dead.
Ian: Alaſſe, how ſmall an Vrne containes a King?
He that ruld all, euen with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to ſtoope now to the ſtroake of death.
Heard you not the proclamation;
Gui: I heare of it, and I giue credit to it
What great men feare to be,
Their feares grow greater.
Our Fathers grow ambitious,
And would force vs ſaile in mightie tempeſts,
And are not Lordes of what they doe poſſeſſe.
Are not thy thoughts as great?

Ian. I haue no thoughts ſo ranke, ſo growne to head,
As are our Fathers pride.
Troth I doe inioy a Kingdome hauing thee.
And ſo my paine be proſperous in that,
What care I though a Sheep-cote be my Pallace
Or faireſt roofe of honour.
Gui. See how thy blood keepes courſe with mine:
Thou muſt be a Queene, aye me! a Queene,
The flattering belles that ſhrilly ſound
At the Kings funerall with hollow heartes,
Will cowardly call thee Soueraigne:
For indeed thou wouldſt prooue but an Vſurper. (golde?
Ian, Who would weare fetters though they were all of
Or to be ſicke, though his faint browes
For a wearing Night-cap, wore a Crowne.
Thou muſt aſſume, a tytle that goes on many feet,
But tis an office, wherein the heartes, of Schollers,
And of Souldiers, will depend vppon thy Hearſe.
Were this rightly ſcand,
Wee ſcarce ſhould finde a King in any Land.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Honor and happy reigne
Attend the new Maieſtie of England.
Ian: To whome my Lord bends this your Aue.
Arun. To your grace dread Soueraigne,
You are by the Kings will, and the conſent
Of all the Lords, choſen for our Queene.
Ian: O God! me thinkes you ſing my death,
In parts of muſickes lowdnes,
Tis not my turne to riſe.

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke with the Purſe and the Mace, with others.

Nor: The voice of the whole Land-ſpeakes in my (tongue
It is concluded your Maieſtie muſt ride
From hence vnto the Tower: there to ſtay
Vntill your Coronation.

Ian. O

Ian: O God!
Suff. Why ſighes your Maieſtie?
Ian: My Lord and Father, I pray tell me,
Was your Fathers Father ere a King?
Suff. Neuer, and it like your grace.
Ian: Would I might ſtill continue of his lyne,
Not trauell in the cloudes.
It is often ſeene, the heated blood
That couets to be royall, leaues offere it be noble,
My learned carefull King, what, muſt we goe?
Gui. We muſt.
Ian. Then it muſt be ſo.
Nor. Set forward then.

A dead march, and paſſe round the ſtage, and Guilford ſpeakes.

The Towre will be a place of ample ſtate,
Some lodgings in it, will like dead mens ſculs,
Remember vs of frailty.
Gui. We are led with pompe to priſon,
O propheticke ſoule.
Lo we aſcend into our chaires of State,
Like funerall Coffins, in ſome funerall
Pompe deſcending to their graues. But we muſt on.
How can we farewell, to keep our Court:
Where Priſoners keepe their caue?

A floriſh. Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Queene Mary with a Prayer Booke in her hand, like a Nun.

Mary. Thus like a Nun, not like a Princeſſe borne,
Deſcended from the Royall *Henries* loynes:
Liue I inuirond in a houſe of ſtone,
My Brother *Edward* liues in pompe and ſtate,
I in a manſion here all ruinate.
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting:
Their ſeuerall pleaſures, all their pride and honour,

I haue

I haue forſaken for a rich prayer Booke.
The Golden Mines of wealthy India,
Is all as droſſe compared to thy ſweetneſſe.
Thou art the ioy, and comfort of the poore,
The euerlaſting bliſſe in thee we finde.
This little volume incloſed in this hand,
Is richer then the Empire of this land.

Enter Sir Henry Beningfield.

Ben. Pardon me Madam, that ſo boldly
I preſſe into your Chamber. I ſalute your
Highneſſe with the high ſtile of Queene.
Mar. Queene! may it be?
Or ieſt you at my lowring miſerie.
Ben: Your Brother King is dead,
And you the Catholicke Queene muſt now ſucceede.
Mar. I ſee my God, at length hath heard my prayer.
You Sir Harry, for your glad tydings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wiat. Health to the Lady Mary.
Mar. And why not Queene, Sir Thomas? (land
Wia: Aske that of Suffolke duke, & great Northumber-
Who in your ſteede hath Crown'd another.
Mar. another Queene, Sir Thomas, wee aliue?
The true immediate heires of our dread Father.
Wia: Nothing more true then that?
Nothing more true then you are the true heire,
Come leaue this Cloyſter and be ſeene abroad,
Your verie ſight, will ſtirre the peoples hearts,
And make them cheerely, for Queene Maries crie.
One comfort I can tell you: the tenants of the Dukes
Northumberland and Suffolke denide their ayde,
In theſe vnlawfull armes: to all the Counſell
I denide my hand, and for King *Henries* Iſſue ſtill will
ſtand.

Mar:

Mary: Your Counſell, good ſir Thomas, is ſo pithy,
That I am woon ſo like it.
Wia: Come let vs ſtreight from hence,
From Framingham:
Cheere your ſpirits.
Ile to the Dukes at Cambridge, and diſcharge them all:
Proſper me God in theſe affaires,
I lou'd the Father well, I lou'd the Sonne,
And for the Daughter I through death will run. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke, Bret and ſouldiers.

Nor: Wher's Captaine Bret;
Bre: Heere my Lord.
Suff: Are all our numbers full?
Bre: They are my Lord.
Suff: See them arain'd, I will ſet forward ſtreight.
Nor: Honorable friends, and native peeres,
That haue choſen me to be the leader of theſe martiall troopes, to march againſt the ſiſter
Of our late dead Soueraigne.
Beare witneſſe of my much vnwillingneſſe,
In furthering theſe attemps,
I rather ioy to thinke vpon our ancient victories
Againſt the French and Spaniard,
Whoſe high pride we leueld with the waues of brittiſh ſhore
Dying the hauen of Brit: with guiltie blood,
Till all the Harbor ſeem'd a ſanguine poole:
Or we deſire theſe armes, we are now to warre
Gainſt the perfidious northern enemie,
Who trembling at our firſt ſhocke voice and fight,
Like cowards turn'd their backes with ſhameſull flight.
But thoſe rich ſpoiles are paſt: we are now to goe,
Being natiue friends, againſt a natiue foe.
In your hands we leaue the Queene elected,
She hath ſeiſure of the Tower,

If you be confident, as you haue ſworne
Your ſelues true liege men to her highneſſe,
She no doubt, with royall fauour will remunerate
The leaſt of your deſertes. Farwell
My teares into your boſomes fall,
With one imbrace I doe include you all.
Arun: My Lord, moſt lou'd, with what a mourning heart
I take your farwell, let the after ſignes
Of my imployment witneſſe. I proteſt.
Did not the ſacred perſon of my Queene,
Whoſe weale I tender as my ſoules cheefe bliſſe,
Vrge my abode, I would not thinke it ſhame
To traile a pike where you were generall.
But wiſhes are in vaine, I am bound to ſtay,
And vrgent buſineſſe calls your grace away.
See, on my knees I humbly take my leaue,
And ſteep my wordes with teares.
Nor. Kinde Arundell, I bind thee to my loue.
Once more farwell.
Arun. Heauens giue your grace ſucceſſe.
Commend vs to the Queene and to your Sonne,
Within one weeke, I hope war will be done.
Bre. Come my Lords, ſhall vs march. *Exit. Northumb.*
Nor: I, I, for Gods ſake on.
Tis more then time my friendes, that we were gone.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Treaſurer and Porter.

Tre: What ho Porter! open the gate.
Por. I beſeech your honour to pardon me,
The Counſell hath giuen ſtrict commaund
Not any ſhall paſſe this way.
Tre. Why you idle fellow, am I not ſent vppon the
Queenes affaires, commanded by the Lords? and know
You not that I am Treaſurer? come open the Gate, you
doe you know not what.
Por. Well my Lord, I doe aduenture on your word,

The

The Dukes diſpleaſure: all the Counſel-boord
Beſides, may be my heauie enemies,
But goe a Gods name, I the worſt will proue,
And if I die, I die for him I loue.
Tre. I thanke thee, and will warrant thee from death.
Is my Horſe ready?
Por: It is my Lord.
Tre: Then will I flie this fearefull Counſell boord, *Ex-*
Par: My heart miſgiues me, I haue done amiſſe, *(it Tre.*
Yet being a Counſellor; one of the number
Nothing can prooue amiſſe.
Now ſhall I know the worſt.
Heere comes my Lord of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Arun: Porter, Did the Lord Treaſurer paſſe this way?
Por: But now my gratious Lord.
Arun: Vngratious Villaine, follow,
Bring him backe againe,
If not, by faire meanes bring him backe by force:
And heare you ſirra, as you goe, will the Lord Maior and ſome Aldermen of his Bretheren, and ſome eſpeciall Cittitzens of note, to attend our further pleaſures preſently. The Treaſurer fled: the Duke is but newly arreſted, ſome purpoſe, on my life, to Croſſe their plots: weele ſet ſtrong watches, ſee Gates and walles well mand: tis ten to one but princely innocence,
Is theſe ſtrange turmoiles wiſeſt violence *Exit porter.*

Enter Wincheſter, Arundell, and other Lords: the Lord Treaſurer kneeling at the Counſell Table.

Arun: Though your attempt, Lord Treaſurer be ſuch,
That hath no colour in theſe troublous times,
But an apparant purpoſe of reuolt,

From the deceaſt Kings will, and our degree,
Yet, for your are a Counſellor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way preſume to iudge,
We giue you leaue to ſpeake in your behalfe.
Tre. My Lord, the buſineſſe of theſe troublous times,
Binding vs al, ſtil to reſpect the good of common weale:
Yet doth it not debar priuate regard of vs & of our own
The generall weale is treaſur'd in your breſt,
And all my ableſt powers haue bin imployed
To ſtir them there, yet haue I borne a part,
Laying the commons troubles next my heart,
My ouerſight in parting without leaue:
Was no contempt, but onely for an houre.
To order home affaires, that none of mine,
In theſe nice times ſhould vnto faction clime.
Arun. Nay my good Lord, be plaine with vs, I pray,
Are you not grieu'd that we haue giuen conſent
To Lady Ianes election?
Tre. My Lords I am not,
Arun. Speake like a Gentleman, vpon your word
Are you not diſcontent;
Tre. Troth to be plaine, I am not pleaſ'd,
That two ſuch princely Maides lineally deſcended,
From our royall King, and by his teſtimonie,
Confirmed heyre, if that their Brother dying Iſſules,
And one that neuer dream't, it neuer deſired
The rule of Soueraignetie,
But with virgins teares hath oft bewaild her miſerie,
Should politickly by vs be nam'd a Queene.
Arun. You haue ſaid nobly, ſit and take your place.

Enter Porter.

Por. My Lords, Sir Thomas Wyat craues acceſſe vnto your honours.
Arun. Let him come neare.

Enter

Enter Wyat.

Por. Roome for Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wyat. A diuine ſpirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of iudgement to beholde
The true Legitimate Mary your vndoubted ſoueraigne.

Arun: Ariſe ſir Thomas, ſit and take your place.
Now to our former buſineſſe:
The obligation wherein we all ſtood bound
To the deceaſed late Kings will, and our decree,
His couſen Iane, and the two abſent Dukes
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach
To vs and to our Iſſue.
We haue ſworn in preſence of the ſacred hoſt of heauen
Vnto our late young Lord, to both the Dukes,
That no impeachment ſhould diuert our heartes
From the impeachment of the Lady Iane.
To this end we haue ceaſed her in the tower,
By publike proclamation made her Queene:
To this end we haue armed the Duke with power
Giuen them commiſſion vnder our owne handes (ner
To paſſe againſt the Lady. You performe in hoſtile ma-
And no doubt, the ſpleene of the vndanted ſpirit
Of Northumbers Earle, will not be called
With writings of repeale.
Aduice in this, I holde it better farre
To keepe the courſe we runne then ſeeking change,
Hazard our liues, our heires and the Realmes.

Wyat. In actions roauing from the bent of truth,
We haue no preſident thus to perſiſt
But the bare name of worldly policie.
If others haue ground from Iuſtice, and the law,
As well diuine as politicke agreeing,
They are for no cauſe to be diſinherited.
If you not ſeauen yeares ſince to that effect,
Swore to the Father to maintaine his ſeede,
What diſpenſation hath acquited you

From your firſt ſacred vowes?
Youle ſay, the will extorted from a childe.
O! let mine eyes in naming that ſweete youth,
Obſerue their part,
Powring downe teares ſent from my ſwelling heart.
Gods mother, I tearme childe? but ile goe on,
Say that the will were his, forced by no tricke,
But for religions loue his ſimple act,
Yet note how much you erre.
You were ſworne before to a mans will,
And not a will alone,
But ſtrengthned by an act of Parliament.
Beſides this ſacred proofe. The Princely Maides,
Had they no will nor act to prooue their right?
Haue birth-rights no priuiledge, being a plea ſo ſtrong,
As cannot be refeld, but by plaine wrong;
Now were you toucht. The Lady in tower,
Alaſſe ſhee's innocent of my claime.
Truſt me, ſhee'd think it a moſte happy life,
To leaue a Queenes, and keepe a Ladies name.
And for the Dukes, your warrants ſent them foorth,
Let the ſame warrant call them backe againe.
If they refuſe to come, the Realme, not they
Muſt be regarded. Be ſtrong and bold:
We are the peoples factors. Saue our Sonnes
From killing one another, be affraide,
To tempt both heauen and earth, ſo I haue ſaid.

Arun: Why then giue order that ſhe ſhall be Queene,
Send for the Maior, her errors wele forget,
Hoping ſhe will forgiue.

Wiat. Neuer make doubt, ſetting her ceremonious order by.
She is pure within, and mildly chaſt without.

Arun: Giue order to keepe faſt the Lady Iane,
Diſſolue the Counſell. Let vs leaue the Tower,
And in the Citie hold our audience.

Wyat. You haue adviſed well honorable Lordes,

So

So will the Cittizens be wholly ours,
and if the Dukes be Croſſe, weele Croſſe their powers.
Enter Bret, Clown & Souldiers. *Exeunt Omnes*
Br: Lance perſado, quarter, quarter
Clo: What ſhall we quarter Captaine?
Bre: Why the Souldiers?
Clo. Why they are not hang'd nor drawn'e yet;
Bre. Sir I meane quarter them, that the offended multitude, may paſſe in ſafetie. (men
Clo. May we not take tooles of the pies & the aple-wo-
Bre. Not in any ſorte, the Dukes pleaſure will paſſe free.
Clo: The cómons ſhall be vſed with all cómon curteſie
That goes in rank like beanes and cheeſe-cakes on their heads in ſteade of Cappes.
Bre. Sirra, this is a famous Vniuerſitie, & thoſe ſchollers, thoſe lofty buildings and goodly houſes,
Founded by noble Patrons But no more. Set a ſtrong watch, That be your cheefeſt care.
Enter a Countryman and a Maide.
Man. Whats heere Souldiers?
Bre. Feare not, good ſpeech, theſe rude armes I beare,
Iſt not to fight? Sweet, gentle Peace away,
But to ſuccour your liues, paſſe peaceably away.
Clo: Crie God ſaue the Queene as you goe, and God ſend you a good market. (ſenſe
Man. God ſaue the Queene, what Queene; there lies the
When we haue none, it can be no offence. (ſooth.
Clo. What carry you there in your basket? *Mai.* Egs for-
Clo. Well, crie God ſaue Queene Iane as you goe, and God ſend you a good Market.
Mai. Is the right Queene called Iane? a lacke for woe, at the firſt ſhe was not Chriſtened ſo. *Exit*
Br. Thus old and young, ſtill deſcant on her name,
Nor lend no eare, when wee her ſtile proclaime.
I feare, I feare. Fear Bret, what ſhouldſt thou feare;
Thou haſt a breſt compoſ'd of adamant.

Fall

Fall what ill betide, my anchor is cast,
and I in Harbor ride. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Northumberland and Wyat.

Wya. My Lord tis true, you sent vnto the Counsell for fresh supplies, what succour, what supplies; Happie is he can draw his necke out of the coller, & make his peace with Marie.

Nor. How stands the Treasurer addicted to vs

Wya: I had forgot: when we weare at counsell,
He stole away, and went home to his house,
And by much intreatie was woon to returne,
In briefe they all incline to Queene Mary
My Lord farwell, each hastie houre:
Will coulder tydings tell. *Exit Wyat*

Nor: Come they in thunder, we will meete with them;
In the loudest language that their ordinance speakes,
Ours shall answere theirs.
Call me a Herald, and in the market-place Proclaime
Queene Iane. The streetes are full,
The towne is populous, the people gape for noueltie.
Trumpets speake to them,
That they may answere with an echoning crie,
God saue Queene *Iane*, God saue her Maiestie.

A Trumpet sounds, and no answere.

The Herald soundes a parlee, and none answers.

Nor: Ha? a bare report of Trumpets!
Are the slaues horse, or want they arte to speake?
O me! This Towne consists on famous Colledges,
Such as know both how, and what, and when to speake,
Well, yee wee will proceede,
and smother what close enuie hath decreed.
Ambrose my Sonne, what newes?

Enter Ambrose.

Amb. O my thrice honoured Father.

Nor: Boy, speake the worst,
That which soundes deadlyest, let me heare that first.

Amb.

Amb. The Lords haue all reuolted from your faction

Nor. Wee in our ſelues are ſtrong.

Am. In Baynards Caſtle was a counſell held,
Whether the Maior and Sheriffes did reſort,
And twas concluded to proclaime Queene Mary.

Nor: Then they reuolt the alegeance from my Daughter, and giue it to another:

Am: True my thrice honoured Father,
Beſides, my brother Guilford and his wife
Where ſhe was proclaimde Queene, are now
Cloſe Priſoners, namely in the Tower.

Nor: God take them to his mercie, they had neede,
Of grace and patience, for they both muſt bleede,
Poore Innocent ſoules, they both from guilt are free.

Am. O my thrice honoured Father! might I aduiſe
You, flie to your manner, there ſtuddie for your ſaftie.

Nor: Boy, thou ſaiſt well,
And ſince the Lords haue all reuolted from me,
My ſelfe will now reuolt againſt my ſelfe.
Call me a Herald to fill their emptie eares,
Aſſiſt me Sonne, my good Lord Huntington,
Euen in this market Towne proclaime Queene Mary.

A trumpet ſoundes a parley, the Herald proclaimes.

He. Mary by the grace of God, Queene of England,
France and Ireland, defendres of the Faith. *Amen.*

Within a ſhoute and a flouriſh.

Nor: *Amen*, I beare a part,
I with my tongue, I doe not with my heart,
Now they can crie, now they can baule and yell,
Baſe minded ſlaues, ſincke may your ſoules to hell.

Enter Maiſter Rooſe with Letters.

Roo. My honored Lord, the Counſell greetes you with theſe Letters.

Nor. Stay Maiſter Rooſe, ere you depart receiue an anſwere and reward. *He readeth the Letter.*

In the Soueraigne name of *Mary* our Queene
You ſhall vppon the ſight hereof,
Surceaſe your armes, diſcharge your Souldiers,
And preſently repaire vnto the Court,
Or elſe to be held as an Arch-Traitor.

No. Tis ſhort & ſharp, Maiſter Rooſe, we do obey your Warrant: but I pray tel mee, how doth all our friendes at Court; is there not a great mortalitie amongſt them; Is there not a number of them deade of late ſince I came thence?

Ro. My gratious Lord not any.

Nor. O maiſter Rooſe, it cannot bee, I will aſſure you
At my departure thence, I left liuing there at leaſt
Fiue hundred friendes, and now I haue not one,
Simply not one: friendes! ha, ha, ha, Commiſſion
Thou muſt be my friend.
And ſtand betiwixt me and the ſtroake of death,
Were thy date out, my liues date were but ſhort,
They are colde friends, that kils their friendes in ſport.

Am. Heere comes your honoured friend the Earle of Arundell. *Enter Arundell.*

Nor. My honourd friend!

Arun. I am no friend to Traitors: in my moſte high & Princely Soueraignes name,
I doe arreſt your honour of high Treaſon.

Nor. A traitor Arundell? haue I not your hand in my Commiſſion? let me peruſe it. as I tak't tis heere,
And by your warrant haue ſo ſtrict proceeded.
Is the limiſt of my warrant broke; anſweere me.

Arun. It may be that it hath pleaſed her Maieſtie
To pardon vs, and for to punniſh you.
I know no other reaſon, this I muſt,
I am commaunded, and the act is Iuſt.

Nor. And I obey you: when we parted laſt
My Lord of Arundell, our farwell was
Better then our greeting now.

Then you cride God ſpeede,
Now you come on me ere you ſay take heede:
Then you did owe me your beſt bloods: nay greeu'd
You could not ſpend them in my ſeruice.
O then it was a double death to ſtay behinde,
But I am ouertooke and you are kinde,
I am, beſhrew you elſe, but I ſubmit,
My crime is great, and I muſt anſwere it.
Arun. You muſt with your three Sons, be guarded ſafe
Vnto the Tower: with you, thoſe Lords and Knights
That in this faction did aſſociate you,
For ſo I am inioyn'd.
Then peaceably, let vs conduct you thither.
Nor. O my Children! my ſoule weepes endleſſe teares
For you.
O at the generall Seſſions, when all ſoules
Stand at the bar of Iuſtice,
And hold vp their new immortalized handes,
O then let the remembrance of their tragick endes
Be rac'd out of the bed-rowle of my ſinnes:
When ere the blacke booke of my crime's vnclaſpt,
Let not theſe ſcarlet Letters be found there:
Of all the reſt, onely that page be cleere.
But come to my arraignement, then to death,
The Queene and you haue long aim'd at this head,
If to my Children, ſhe ſweet grace extend,
My ſoule hath peace, and I imbrace my end. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suff. Three daies are paſt, Monday, Tueſday & Wed-
Yet my proteſting ſeruant is not come. (neſday too
Himſelfe conducted me to this hard lodging,
A ſimple Cabin, for ſo great a Prince,
And then he ſwore, but oathes you ſee are vaine,
That he would hourely come and viſite me:
I that was wont, to ſurfet in eſtate,
Am now through hunger almoſt deſolate.

Enter Homes ſweating with bottell and Bag.

Hom. My Lord.
Suff Ned Homes, ſpeake haſt thou brought me meate?
Hom: With much a doe my Lord, meat, bread & wine,
While you refreſh your ſelfe, I will recorde
The cauſe of my long ſtay.
Suff. I prethee doe, neede bids me eate,
Neede bids me heare thee too.
Hom. The night I left you in the hollow tree,
My houſe was ſearched.
Suff. Goe on, goe on,
Hom: And I no ſooner entred but attached,
Threatned the Rack: and if I did not yeeld
Your gracious ſelfe into their graceleſſe hands.
Suff: And thou haſt don't, thou haſt betraied me.
Hom. Done it! o betraie you? O noe!
Firſt would I ſee my loued wife and Children
Murdered, and tos'd on ſpeares, before I would
Deliuer your grace vnto their handes,
For they intend your death.
Suff: Goe on, goe on.
Hom: and offer'd a thouſand Crownes to him that can
Bring newes of your abode, twas offer'd in my hands:
Which I beſeech may ſtop my Vitall breath,
When I am feede with golde to worke your death.

Enter Sheriffe and Officers.

Sher: See yonder ſits the Duke.
Suff: I kiſſe thee in requitall of this loue.
Hom: and in requitall of ſo great a grace,
I kiſſe your hand that dares to kiſſe my face.
She: So Iudas kiſt his Maiſter: ceaze the Duke.
Suff: Ahme! Ned Homes we are vndone,
Both thou and I betraide.

She.

She. My Lord, late Duke of Suffolke, in her highneſſe
Name I doe arreſt you of high Treaſon.
Suff: I doe obey, and onely craue this kindneſſe,
You would be good vnto my Seruant Homes,
Where in releeuing me, hath but performde
The duetie of a ſeruant to his Lord.
She. You are deceiu'd ſir in your ſeruant much,
Hee is the man that did betray you.
Heere Maiſter Homes, towards your thouſand pounds,
Heere is a hundred markes,
Come to the Exchequer, you ſhall haue the reſt,
Suff: Haſt thou betraide me? yet with ſuch a tongue,
So ſmoothly oilde, ſlight of my dangers feare,
O break my heart, this griefe's too great to beare.
Ho: Pardon me my Lord.
Suff: God pardon thee, and lay not to thy ſoule
This greeuous ſinne: Farwell.
And when thou ſpendeſt this ill got golde
Remember how thy Maiſters life was ſolde.
Thy Lord that gaue thee Lordſhips, made the great,
Yet thou betraidſt him as he ſat at meate.
On to my graue, tis time that I were dead,
When he that held my heart betraies my head.
Hom. O God, O God, that euer I was borne,
This deede hath made me (ſlaue) to abiect ſcorne.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo: O poore ſhrimpe, how art thou falne away for want of mouching? O Colen cries out moſt tiranically, the little gut hath no mercie: what's heere? vittailes? O rare! O good! Feed chops, drinke throate, good victailes makes good bloud.

Enter Homes *with a halter about his necke.*

But ſtay, who's heere? more Sheriffes, more ſearchers? O no, this is *Homes* that betraide his honeſt Maiſter?

How, with a Halter about his necke? I hope hee doth
not meane to hang himſelfe? ile ſtep a ſide.

He. This is the place, where I betraide my Lord,
This is the place where oft I haue releeu'd:
And villaine I, betraide him to the Iawes of death,
But heere before I further will proceede
Heere will I burie this inticing gould,
Lye there damn'd fiend neuer ſerue humaine more.

Clo. This is rare, now in this moode if hee would hang
Himſelfe twere excellent.

He: Shall I aske mercie? no it is too late,
Heauen will not heare, and I am deſperate.

He ſtrangles himſelfe.

Clo. So, ſo, a very good ending, would all falce Seruants
might drinke of the ſame ſauce.
Gold, you are firſt mine, you muſt helpe
To ſhift my ſelfe into ſome counterfeite ſuite
Of apparel, and then to London:
If my olde Maiſter be hanged, why ſo:
If not, why ruſticke and luſticke:
Yet before I goe, I doe not care if I throwe this Dog in
A Ditch: come away diſſebler: this cannot chuſe but be
A hundred pound it wayes ſo heauy. *Exeunt with him.*

Enter Queene Mary, Winchester, Norfolke, Pembroke, Wyat, Arundell, Attendants.

Mary. By Gods aſiſtance, and the power of heauen,
After our Troubles we are ſafely ſet,
In our inheritance, for which we doe ſubſcribe
The praiſe and benefit to God, next thankes
To you my Lordes. Now ſhall the ſanctuarie,
And the houſe of the moſte highbe newly built.
The ancient honours due vnto the Church,

Buried

Buried within the Ruine Monaſtaries,
Shall lift their ſtately heads, and riſe againe
To aſtoniſh the deſtroyers wandring eyes.
Zeale ſhall be deckt in golde,
Religion not like a virgin rob'd of all her pompe,
But briefly ſhining in her Iemmes of ſtate,
Like a faire bride be offerd to the Lord.
To build large houſes, pull no Churches downe,
Rather in rich the Temple with our Crowne.
Better a poore Queene, then the Subiects poore.
Win. May it pleaſe your grace to giue releaſe
Vnto ſuch ancient Byſhops that haue loſt their
Honours in the Church affaires.
Ma. We haue giuen order to the Duke of Norfolke to releaſe them.
Arun: Your ſacred Highneſſe will no doubt be mindefull of the late Oath you tooke at Framingam
Ma. O my Lord of Arundell, wee remember that,
But ſhall a Subiect force his Prince to ſweare
Contrarie to her conſcience and the law?
Wee heere releaſe vnto our faithfull people,
one intire Subſidie,
Due vnto the Crowne in our dead Brothers daies.
The Commonaltie ſhall not be ore-burdned
In our reigne, let them be liberall in Religion,
And wee will ſpare their treaſure to themſelues:
Better a poore Prince then the Nation poore,
The Subiects Treaſure, is the Soueraignes ſtore.
Arun. What is your Highneſſe pleaſure about the Rebels?
Mar. The Queene-like Rebels,
Meane you not Queene *Iane*?
Arun: Guilford & *Iane*, with great Northumberland,
And hauty Suffolkes Duke.
Ma: The Duke of Suffolke is not yet apprehended,
Therefore my Lords,

Some

Some of you moſt deare to vs in loue,
Be carefull of that charge:
The reſt weele leaue for tryall of the other priſoners.
Wia: The Lady *Iane* moſt mightie Soueraigne,
Alyde to you in blood: for ſhes the
Daughter of your Fathers Siſter.
Mary the Queene of France: *Charles Brandons*
Wife your Neece, your next of bloud, except your ſiſter
Deſerues ſome pittie, ſo doth youthfull *Guilford*.
Win. Such pitty as the law alowes to Traytors.
Norf. They were miſled by their ambitious Fathers.
Win. What Sonne to obey his Father proues a Traitor,
Muſt buy their diſobedience with their death.
Wiat. My Lord of Wincheſter ſtill thirſts for bloud.
Mar. *Wiat* no more, the law ſhall be their Iudge,
Mercie to meane offenders weele oſtend,
Not vnto ſuch that dares vſurpe our Crowne.
Arun. Count *Egmond* the Embaſſador from Spaine,
Attends your highneſſe anſwere, brought thoſe
Letters ſent from the Emperor
In his Sonne behalfe.
Mar: In the behalfe of louely Princely *Philip*,
Whoſe perſon wee haue ſhrined in our heart?
At the firſt ſight of his delightfull picture
That picture ſhould haue power to tingle
Loue in Royall breſts: the Dartes of loue are wordes,
pictures, conceite, heele preuaile by any,
Your counſell Lords about this forraine buſineſſe.
Arun. I ſay and it like your royall Maieſtie,
A royall treatie, and to be confirm'd,
And I alowe the match.
Win. Alow it Lordes, we haue cauſe
To thanke our God, that ſuch a mightie Prince
As *Philip* is, Sonne to the Emperor,
Heire to wealthy Spaine, and many ſpacious
Kingdomes, will vouchſafe ——

Wiat.

Wya. Vouchſafe! my Lord of Wincheſter, pray what?

Win. To grace our mightie Soueraigne with his honourable Title.

Wia. To marrie with our Queene: meane you not ſo?

Win. I doe, what then?

Wiat: O God! is ſhee a beggar, a forſaken Maide, that ſhe hath neede of grace from forraine Princes? By Gods deare mother, O God pardon ſweare I, Me thinkes ſhe is a faire and louely Prince, Her onely beautie (were ſhe of meane birth) Able to make the greateſt Potentate, I the great Emperor of the mightie Cham, That hath more Nations vnder his Commaund, Then ſpaniſh *Philip's* like to inherrit townes, To come and lay his Scepter at her feet, And to intreate her to vouchſafe the grace To take him and his Kingdome to her mercy.

Win. Wyat you are too hot.

Wia: And you to proude, vouchſafe? O baſe! I hope ſheele not vouchſafe to take the Emperors ſonne to her deare mercie.

Mar. Proceede my Lord of Wincheſter I pra'y.

Win. Then ſtill I ſay, we haue cauſe to thanke our God,
That ſuch a mightie Prince will looke ſo lowe,
As to reſpect this Iland and our Queene.

Wia: Pardon me Madam, hee reſpects your Iland more then your perſon? thinke of that.

Norf. Wiat, you wrong the affection of the Prince,
For he deſires, noe fortreſſes nor townes,
Nor to beare any office, rule or ſtate,
Either by perſon orby Subſtitute.

Nor yet himſelfe to be a Counſellor in our affaires.

Wiat. What neede hee (Noble Lords) to aske the Fruite, when he demaundes the tree?
No Caſtle, fortreſſes, nor Towers of ſtrength,
It bootes not, when the chiefeſt Tower of all
The key that opens vnto all the Land.
I meane our Gratious Soueraigne muſt be his,
But he will beare no office in the land,
And yet will marry with the Queene of all.
Nor be of counſell in the Realmes affaires,
And yet the Queene incloſed in his armes:
I doe not like this ſtrange marriage.
The Fox is ſuttle, and his head once in,
The ſlender body eaſily will follow.
I grant, he offers you in name of dowre,
The yearely ſumme of threeſcore thouſand Ducats.
Beſides, the ſeauenteene famous Prouinces,
And that the heire ſucceeding from your loynes,
Shall haue the Souereigne rule of both the Realmes.
What, ſhall this mooue your Highneſſe to the match;
Spaine is too farre for England to inherit,
But England neare enough for Spaine to woe.

Win. Has not the Kinges of England (good Sir *Thomas*)
Eſpous'd the Daughters of our Neighbour Kinges?

Wia. I graunt, your predeceſſors oft haue ſought
Their Queene from France.
And ſometimes to from Spaine.
But neuer could I heare that England yet
Has bin ſo baſe, to ſeeke a King from either:

Tis policie deare Queene, no loue at all.
Win. Tis loue great Queene, no pollicie at all.
Wiat. Which of you all, dares iuſtifie this match,
And not be toucht in conſcience with an oath?
Remember O remember I beſeech you,
King *Henries* laſt will, and his act at Court,
I meane that royall Court of Parliament,
That does prohibit Spaniards from the Land,
That Will and Act, to which you all are ſworne,
And doe not damme your ſoules with periurie.
Mary. But that wee knowe thee Wyat to be true.
Vnto the Crowne of England and to vs,
Thy ouer-boldneſſe ſhould bee payde with death.
But ceaſe, for feare your liberall tongue offend,
With one conſent my Lordes you like this match?
Omnes. We doe great Soueraigne.
Mary, Call in Count Egmond Honorable Lords.

Enter Egmond.

Wee haue determined of your Ambaſſie,
And thus I plight, our loue to *Philips* heart,
Imbarke you ſtraight, the winde blowes wondrous faire:
Till he ſhall land in England, I am all care.
Exeunt all but Sir Thomas Wyat,

Wia. And ere hee land in England, I will offer
My loyall breſt for him to treade vpon.
O who ſo forward *Wyat* as thy ſelfe,
To raiſe this troubleſome Queene in this her
Throane?
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud Nation,
Whome naturally our Countriemen abhorre.
Aſſiſt me gratious heauens, and you ſhall ſee
What hate I beare vnto their Slauerie.
Ile into Kent, there muſter vp my friendes,
To ſaue this Countrie, and this Realme defend.
Exit Sir Thomas Wyat.

Enter Guilford, Dudley, Iane, and Leſtenant.

Guil. God morrow to the Patron of my woe.
Iane. God morrowe to my Lord, my louely Dud-
ley.
Why doe you looke ſo ſad my deareſt Lord?
Guil. Nay why doth *Iane*, thus with a heauie eye,
And a deiected looke, ſalute the day?
Sorrow do.h ill become thy ſiluer brow,
Sad griefe lyes dead, ſo long as thou liues fayre,
In my *Ianes* ioy, I doe not care for care.
Iane. My lookes (my loue) is ſorted with my heart,
The Sunne himſelfe, doth ſcantly ſhow his face,
Out of this firme grate, you may perceiue the Tow-
er Hill.
Thronged with ſtore of people,
As if they gap'd for ſome ſtrange Noueltie.
Guil. Though ſleepe doe ſildome dwell in men of
care,
Yet I did this night ſleepe, and this night dream't,

My

My Princely father great (Northumberland)
Was marryed to a ſtately Bride:
And then me thought, iuſt on his Bridall day,
A poyſoned draught did take his life away.
Iane. Let not fond viſions ſo appale my Loue,
For dreames doe oftentimes contrarie prooue.
Guil. The nights are teadious, and the daies are ſad,
And ſee you how the people ſtand in heapes,
Each man ſad, looking on his oppoſed obiect,
As if a generall paſſion poſſeſt them!
Their eyes doe ſeeme, as dropping as the Moone,
As if prepared for a Tragedie.
For neuer ſwarmes of people there doe tread,
But to rob life, and to inrich the dead
And ſhewe they wept.
Lef. My Lord they did ſo, for I was there.
Gui. I pra'y reſolue vs good Maiſter Lieftenant
Who was it yonder, that tendered vp his life
To natures death?
Lief. Pardon mee my Lord, tis fellony to acquaint you with death of any Priſoner, yet to reſolue your grace, it was your Father, great Northumberland, that this day loſt his head.
Guil. Peace reſt his ſoule, his ſinnes be buried in his graue,
And not remembred in his Epitaph: but who comes heere?
Iane. My Father Priſoner!

Enter Suffolke garded foorth.

Suff: O *Iane!* now naught but feare thy Tytle and thy ſtate,

Thou now muſt leaue for a ſmall graue.
Had I bin contented to a bin great, I had ſtood,
But now my riſing, is puld downe with blood.
Farwell, point me my houſe of prayers.
Iane. Is greefe ſo ſhort? twa's wont to be full of wordes.
Tis true, but now Deathes leſſon, bids a coulde adue.
Farwell. Thus friendes on deſperate iourneys parte,
Breaking of wordes with teares, that ſwelles the heart. *Exit Suffolke.*
Leef: It is the pleaſure of the Queene that you part lodgings
Till your Arrainement, wich muſt be to morrow,
Iane: Good Maiſter Lieftenant let vs pray together.
Lief. Pardon me Madam I may not, they that owe you, ſway me.
Guil: Intreate not *Iane*, though ſhee our bodies part,
Our ſoules ſhall meete. Farwell my loue.
Iane. My Dudley, my owne heart. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Wyat with Souldiers.

Wiat: Hold Drumme, ſtand Gentlemen;
Giue the word along: ſtand, ſtand:
Maiſters, friendes, Souldiers, and therefore Gentlemen,
I know ſome of you weare warme purſſes
Linde with golde, to them I ſpeake not,
But to ſuch leane knaues that cannot put vp
Croſſes, thus I ſay, fight valiantly,
And by the *Mary* God, you that haue all

Your

Your life time ſiluer lackt,
Shall now get Crownes, marry they muſt be crackt.
Sol: No matter, weele change them for white money.
Wiat: But it muſt needs be ſo, deare Countriemen,
For Souldiers are the maiſters of wars mint,
Blowes are the ſtamps, they ſet vpon with bullets,
And broken pates are when the braines lyes ſpilt:
Theſe light crownes, that with blood are double guilt,
But thats not all, that your ſtout hearts ſhall earne,
Sticke to this glorious quarrell, and your names
Shall ſtand in Chronicles ranck'd euen with Kings:
You free your Countrie from baſe ſpaniſh thrall,
From Ignominious ſlauerie,
Who can diſgeſt a Spaniard, that's a true Engliſhman?
Sol. Would he might choake that diſgeſts him.
Wiat. Hee that loues freedome and his Countrie,
Crie a *Wyat*: he that will not, with my heart
Let him ſtand foorth, ſhake handes,
And weele depart.
Sol. *A Wyat, a Wyat, a Wyat.*
Enter Norry ſounding a Trumpet.
Har: Forbeare, or with the breath thy Trumpet ſpends,
This ſhall let foorth thy ſoule.
Nor: I am a Herald, and chalenge ſafetie
By the lawe of armes.
Her: So ſhalt thou when thou art lawfully imploide
Wia: What loude knaues that?
Nor: No knaue Sir *Thomas*, I am a true man
to my Queene, to whome thou art a Traytor.

Sol:

Sol. Knocke him downe.

Wiat. Knocke him downe, fie no,
Weele handle him, he ſhall ſound before he goe.

Har. Hee comes from Norfolke and thoſe fawning Lords, in *Maries* name, waying, out life to them that will with baſeneſſe buie it.
Ceaze on him as a pernitious enemie.

Wia. Sir *George* be ruld,
Since we profeſſe the Arte of Warre,
Let's not be hiſt at for our ignorance,
Hee ſhall paſſe and repaſſe, iuggle the beſt he can,
Leade him into the Cittie. Norry ſet foorth
Set foorth thy braſen throate, and call all Rocheſter
About thee: doe thy office, fill their
Light heads with proclamations, doe,
Catch Fooles with Lime-twigs, dipt with pardons,
But Sir *George* and good ſir *Harry* Iſley,
If this Gallant open his mouth too wide,
Powder the Varlet, piſtoll him, fire the Roofe that's ore his mouth.
He craues the law of Armes, and he ſhall ha't,
Teach him our law, to cut's throate if he prate.
If lowder reach thy Proclamation,
The Lord haue mercie vppon thee.

Nor. Sir *Thomas*, I muſt doe my office.

Her: Come, weele doe ours too.

Wia. I, I, doe, blowe thy ſelfe hence *Exit. Harper*
Whorſon prou'd Herrald, becauſe he can *Iſely, and*
giue armes, he thinkes to cut vs off by the *Norry.*
elbowes.
Maiſters and fellow Souldiers, ſay, will you leaue old *Tom Wiat?*

Omnes. No, no, no.

Wia. A March! tis Norfolkes, Drum vpon my life.
I pra'y

I pra'y ſee what Drum it is.

Within crie arme.

The word is giuen, arme, arme flies through the camp
As loude, though not ſo full of dread as thunder:
For no mans cheekes looke pale, but euerie face,
Is lifted vp aboue his foremans head,
And euerie Souldier does on tip-toe ſtand,
ſhaking a drawne ſword in his threatning hand.

VViat: At whome, at whoſe Drum?

Rod: At Norfolke, Norfolkes Drum:
With him comes Arundell, you may beholde
The ſilken faces of their enſignes ſhowe,
Nothing but wrinckles ſtragling inthe winde,
Norfolke rides formoſty, his creſt well knowne,
Proud, as if all our heads were now his owne.

Wiat: Soft, he ſhall pay more for them.
Sir *Robert* Rodſton, bring our Muſcateers,
To flancke our Pikes, let all our archery,
Fall off in winges of ſhot aboth ſides of the van,
To gall the firſt Horſe of the enemie
That ſhall come fiercely on:
Our Canoneres, bid them to charge, charge my harts.

Omnes. Charge, charge.

VViat: Saint *George* for England, *VViat* for poore Kent,
Blood loſt in Countries quarrell, is nobly ſpent. (*Enter*

Iſely: Baſe ſlaue, hard hearted fugitue, (*Iſely*
He that you ſent with Norry, falſe Sir *George*
Is fled to Norfolke.

Rod: Sir *George* Harper fled?

VViat: I nere thought better of a Conterfeite,
His name was Harper, was it not? let him goe,
Hence foorth all Harpers for his ſake ſhall ſtand,
But for plaine nine pence, throughout all the land.

They come, no man giue ground in theſe hot caſes,
Be Engliſhmen and berd them to their faces. *Exeunt*

Enter Norfolke, Arundell, Bret and Souldiers.

Norf. Yonder the Traitor marcheth with a ſteele bowe,
Bent on his Souereigne, and his kingdomes peace:
To waue him to vs with a flag of truce,
And tender him ſoft mercie,
Were to call our right in queſtion,
Therefore put in act, your reſolute intendments,
If rebellion be ſuffered to take head,
She liues too long, treaſon doth ſwarme.
Therefore giue ſignall to the fight,

Bre. Tis good, tis good, my Lord.

Norf. Where's Captaine *Bret?*

Br. Heere my Lord.

Norf: To doe honour to you and thoſe fiue hundred Londoners that march after your colours,
You ſhall charge the Traitor in the Vantgard
Whilſt my ſelfe with noble Arundell
And ſtout *Iarningam*, ſecond you in the maine.
God and Saint *George*, this day fight on our ſide,
While thus we tame a deſperate Rebels pride.

Exit all but Bret and ſouldiers.

Br: Countrimen and friendes,
And you the moſt valiant ſword and Bucklermen of London, the Duke of Norfolke in honour has promoted you to the Vangard: and why to the Vangard? but becauſe he knowes you to be eager men, martiall men, men of good ſtomacks, verie hot ſhots, verie actious for valour, ſuch as ſcornes to ſhrinke for a wetting, who will beare off any thing with head and ſhoulders.

Om: Well forwards, good commaunder forwards,

Br. I am to lead you, and whether? to fight: and with Whome? with *Wiat*: and what is *Wiat?* a moſt famous and Arch-Traytor, to nobody by this hand! that I knowe.

Omnes: Nay, ſpeake out good Captaine,

Bre: I ſay againe, is worthy Norfolke gone?

Omnes: I, I, gon, gon.

Bre: I ſay agen, that *Wiat* for riſing thus In armes with the Kentiſhmen dangling thus at his taile, is worthy to be hang'd like a Iuell in the Kingdomes eare, ſay I well my Lads?

Omnes: Forwards, forwards.

Bre: And whoſoeuer cuts off his head ſhall haue for his labour ——

Clo: What ſhall I haue? ile doote.

Bre: The pox, the plague, and all the deſeaſes, the Spittle-houſes and Hoſpitalles can throwe vppon him.

Clo: Ile not doo't, thats flat.

Bre: And wherefore is *Wiat* vp?

Clo: Becauſe he cannot keepe his bed.

Bre: No, *Wiat* is vp to keepe the Spaniards down, to keepe King *Phillip* out, whoſe comming in will giue the Land ſuch a *Phillip*, twill make it reele agen.

Clo. A would it were come to that, wee would, wee wold leaue off *Phillips* and fall to Hot-cokles.

Bre: *Phillip* is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

Clo: A Spaniard is no Engliſhman that I knowe.

Bre: Right, a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Callimanco, nay which is worſe, a Dondego, and what is a Dondego;

Clo. A Dondego is a kinde of Spaniſh Stockfiſh, or poore *Iohn.*

Bre. No, a Dondego is a deſperate Viliago, a very Caſtilian, God bleſſe vs.

There came but one Dondego into England, and hee made all *Paules* ſtincke agen, what ſhall a whole army of Dondegoes doe my ſweete Countrimen?

Clo: *Marry* they will make vs all ſmell abhominably, hee comes not heere that's flat.

Bre. A Spaniard is cald ſo, becauſe hee's a Spaniard his yard is but a ſpan.

Clo: That's the reaſon our Engliſh women loue them not.

Bre: Right, for he caries not the Engliſhmans yard about him, if you deale with him looke for hard meaſure: if you giue an inch hee'le take an ell: if he giue an ell, heele take an inch. Therefore my fine, ſpruce, dapper, finicall, fellowes, if you are now, as you haue alwayes bin. counted politique Londoners, to fly to the ſtronger ſide, leaue Arundell, leaue Norfolke, and loue *Bret.*

Clo: Weele fling our flat Caps at them.

Bret. Weare your owne Neates-leather ſhooes? Scorn Spaniſh Leather, crie a figge for the Spaniard: (ſaide I) well bollies?

Omnes. I, I, I.

Bre: Why then fiat, fiat, and euerie man dye at his foote, that cries not a *Wyat, a Wyat.*

Omnes. A *Wyat, VVyat, a VVyat.*

Enter VVyat.

VViat. Sweete muſicke, Gallant fellow-Londoners.

Clo.

Clo. Y faith wee are the Mad-caps, we are the licke-pennies.

VViat. You ſhall be all Lord Maiors at leaſt,

Exeunt VVyat, Bret and Souldiers.

Alarum ſoundes, and enter VVyat, Bret, Rodſton, Iſely, and Souldiers againe.

VViat. Thoſe eight braſſe peeces ſhall doe ſeruice
now againſt their Maiſters Norfolke and Arundell,
They may thank their heeles more then their hands
for ſaving of their lues,
When ſouldiers turne ſurueyors and meaſure Lands,
God helpe poore farmers.
Souldiers and friendes, let vs all play nimble bloud-
Houndes, and hunt them ſtep by ſtep,
We heare the Lawyers plead in Armour ſteede of
Gownes, if they fall out about the caſe they Iar,
Then they may cuffe each other from the Bar.
Soft, this is Ludgate, ſtand aloofe, ile knock.

He knockes.

Enter Pembroke vpon the VVallet.

Pem. Who knockes?

VViat. A *VVyat*, a true friend,
Open your gates, you louring Citizens,
I bring you freedome, from a forraine Prince,
The Queene has heard your ſuite,
And tis her pleaſure the Cittie gates,
Stand open to receiue vs.

Pem. Avaunt thou Traitor, thinkes thou by forgerie.
To enter London with rebellious armes?

Knowe that theſe gates are bard againſt thy entrance
And it ſhall coſt the liues of twentie thouſand true
ſubiects to the Queene before a Traytor enters.

Omnes: Shoote him through.

Wia: Stay, lets know him firſt.

Clo: Kill him, then lets know him afterwards.

Pem: Looke on my face, and bluſhing, ſee with
ſhame, thy treaſons Charecter'd.

Bre: Tis the Lord Pembroke.

Wiat: What haue wee to doe with the Lord Pem-
broke, wheres the Queenes Lieftenant?

Pem: I am Lieftenant of the Citie now.

Wiat: Are you Lord Maior?

Pem. The greateſt Lord that breathes enters not
heere, without expreſſe commaund from my deare
Queene.

Wiat. She commaundes by vs.

Pem: I doe commaund thee in her highneſſe name,
To leaue the Cittie gates, or by my honour,
A peece of ordinance ſhall be ſtraite diſcharg'd,
To be thy deathes man, and ſhoote thee to thy graue.

Wia. Then heer's no entrance,

Pemb: No, none. *Exit Pembroke.*

Bre: What ſhould wee doe following *VVyat* any
longer.

VViat. O London, London, thou perfidious Town,
Why haſt thou broke, thy promiſe to thy friend?
That for thy ſake, and for thy generall ſake,
Hath thruſt my ſelfe into the mouth of danger?
March backe to Fleet-ſtreete, if that *Wyat* die,
London vniuſtlie, buy thy treacherie.

Bre: Wold I could ſteale away from *VVyat*, it ſhould
be the firſt thing that I would doe,

Here they all ſteale away from Wyat *and leaue him alone.*

VVya.

VVia: Wheres all my Souldiers? what all gone,
And left my Drum and colours without guard?
O infilicitie of careful men!
Yet will I ſell my honoured blood as deere,
As euer did faithfull ſubiect to his Prince. *Exit Wyat.*

Enter Norfolke and Iſely.

Iſl. Pembroke reuolts, and flies to *VVyats* ſide.
Norf: Hee's damb'd in hell that ſpeakes it.

Enter Harper.

Iſl: O my good Lord! tis ſpred,
That Pembroke and Count Arundell both are fled

Enter Pembroke and Arundell.

Pem: Sfoote who ſaid ſo? what diuil dares ſturre my patience; zwounds I was talking with a crue of vagabonds that lagd at *Wiats* taile, and am I thus paide for my paines;

Norf. And there being miſt, ſome villaine finding you out of ſight, hath raiſde this ſlander on you, but come my Lord.

Pem. Ile not fight.

Norf: Nay ſweete Earle.

Pem. Zoundes fight, and heare my name diſhonoured?

Arun. Wiat is marcht downe Fleete-ſtreete: after him.

Pem. Why doe not you, and you, purſue him?

Norf.

Norfol. If I ſtricke on blowe may my hand off.

Pem: And if I doe by this ——

Norf. Come leaue your ſwearing,
Did not countries care vrge me to this quarrell?
For my part I would not ſtrike a blowe.

Pem. No more would I, ile eate no wrongs,
Let's all die, and ile die.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Stand on your Guard, for this way *Wyat* is perſude amaine.

A great noiſe, follow.

Enter Wyat with his ſword drawne being wounded.

Within. Follow, follow.

Nor: Stand Traitor ſtand, or thou ſhalt nere ſtand more.

Wia. Lords I yeeld, an eaſie conqueſt tis to win the field,
After al's loſt; I am wounded, let me haue a ſurgion, that I may goe ſound vnto my graue.
Tis not the name of Traitor paules me,
Nor pluckes my weapon from my hand.
Vſe me how you can, though you ſay Traitor,
I am a Gentleman.
Your dreadfull ſhaking me, which I defie,
Is a poore loſſe of life, I wiſh to die,
Death frights my ſpirit, no more then can my bed,
Nor will I change one haire, looſing this head.

Pem. Come guard him, guard him.

Wia. No

Wiat. No matter where,
I hope for nothing, therefore nothing feare.
Exit omnes.

Enter VVinchester, Norfolke, Arundell, Pembroke with other Lordes.

Win. My Lord of Norfolke, will it pleaſe you ſit
By you the noble Lord of Arundell,
Since it hath pleaſde her ſacred Maieſtie,
To nominate vs heere Commiſſioners:
Let vs without all partialitie be open eard,
To what they can aleadge: where's the Lieftenant of the Tower;

Enter Lieftenant of the Tower.

Lief. Heere my good Lord.
Win. Fetch foorth the priſoners,
Place them ſeuerally in chaires of ſtate.
Clarke of the Crowne proceede as law requires.

Enter Guilford and Iane.

Clark: Guilford Dudly, hold vp thy hand at the barre.
Guil: Heere at the barre of death I holde it vp,
And would to God, this hand heau'de to the law,
Might haue aduanc'd it ſelfe in better place,
For Englands good, and for my Soueraignes weale.
Clark, Iane Gray, Lady *Iane* Gray,
Hould vp thy hand at the Barre.
Iane: A hand as pure from Treaſons Innocence,

As the white liuerie, worne by the Angels in their makers ſight.

Clarke: You are heere indited by the names of Guilford Dudly, Lord Dudly; *Iane* Gray, Lady *Iane* Gray; of Capitall and high Treaſon, againſt our moſt Soueraigne Lady the Queenes Maieſtie.

That is to ſay, that you Guilford Dudly, and Lady *Iane* Gray, haue by all poſſible meanes ſought to procure vnto your ſelues, the Royaltie of the Crowne of England, to the diſinheriting of our now Soueraigne Lady the Queenes Maieſtie, the true and lawfull Iſſue to that famous King *Henrie* the eight, and haue manifeſtly adorned your ſelues with the ſtates Garland imperiall, and haue graunted Warrants, Commiſſions, and ſuch like, for leuying of men & Souldiers to bee ſent againſt the ſaide maieſtie: what anſwere you to this Inditement, guiltie or not guiltie;

Guil: Our anſwere ſhall be ſeuerall like our ſelues:
Yet Noble Earle wee confeſſe the inditement,
May we not make ſome Apologie vnto the Court;

Norf: It is againſt the order of the Law, therefore directly pleade vnto the Inditement, and then you ſhall be heard.

Guil. Againſt the law?
Wordes vttered then, as good vnſpoken were,
For what ſo ere you ſa, you know your forme,
And you will follow it vnto our deathes.

Norfo: Speake, are you guiltie of theſe crimes or no?

Iane: Ile anſwere firſt I am, and I am not,
But ſhould we ſtand vnto the laſt vnguilty?

You

You haue large conſcience Iurors to be ſmeare
The faireſt browe with ſtile of Trecherie.
Norfo: The Barrons of the Land ſhall bee your
Iurie.
Iane. An honorable and worthy Tryall,
And God forbid, ſo many Noblemen:
Should be made guiltie of our Timeleſſe deathes.
Arun. Youle anſwere to the Inditement, will you
not?
Guil. My Lord I will, I am.
Norf. What, are you guiltie or noe;
Guil. I ſay vnguiltie ſtill, yet I am guiltie,
Iane: Slander not thy ſelfe,
If there be any guiltie it was I,
I was proclaimde Queene, I the Crowne ſhould
weare.
Guil: Becauſe I was thy Husband I ſtand heere.
Iane. Our loues wee ſought our ſelues, but not our
pride,
And ſhall our fathers faults our liues deride.
Guil. It was my father that made thee diſtreſt,
Iane. O but for mine, my Guilford had beene
bleſt.
Guil. My *Iane* had beene as fortunate as faire.
Iane: My Guilford free from this ſoule-greeuing
care.
Guilf: If wee bee guiltie, tis no fault of ours,
And ſhall wee die, for whats not in our powers?
We ſought no Kingdome, we deſired no Crowne,
It was impoſde vpon vs by conſtraint,
Like goulden fruite hung on a barren Tree,
And will you count ſuch forcement treacherie?
Then make the ſiluer Thames,

As blacke as Stix, becauſe it was conſtraind to
beare the bankes, whoſe battering ordinance
ſhould haue bin imploid againſt the hindrers of our
Royaltie.

Wil: You talke of ſenceleſſe things.

Guil: Dooe's Trees want ſence, that by the power
of muſick? haue bene drawn to dance a pleaſing mea-
ſure. wele come then neerer vnto liuing thinges, ſay
wee vſurp't the Engliſh Royaltie, waſt not by your
I tell you Lords, I haue your hands to ſhow, (conſents?
Subſcrib'd to the Commiſſion of my father,
By which, you did authoriſe him to wage armes,
If they were Rebellious againſt your Soueraigne,
Who cride ſo loude as you, God ſaue Queene *Iane*?
And come you now your Soueraigne to arraigne?
Come downe, come downe, here at a Priſoners barre
Better doe ſo, then iudge your ſelues amiſſe:
For looke what ſentence, on our heads you lay,
Vpon your owne, may light another day.

Wil. The Queene hath pardon'd them.

Guil: And wee muſt die, for a leſſe fault,
O partiallitie!

Iane: Patience my Guilford, it was euer knowne,
They that ſin'd leaſt, the puniſhment haue borne.

Gui. True, my faire Queene of ſorrowe truely ſpeake.
Great men like great Flies,
Through lawes Cobwebs breake,
But the thin'ſt frame, the priſon of the weake.

Norf: Now truſt me Arundell,
It doth grieue mee much, to ſit
In iudgement of theſe harmleſſe ——

Aru: I helpt to attach the Father, but the ſonne ——
O through my blood, I feele compaſſion.
Run my Lords, weele be humble ſuters to the Queene

To

To ſaue theſe innocent creatures from their deathes.
Norf. Lets breake vp Court,
If Norfolke long ſhould ſtay,
In teares and paſſion, I ſhould melt away.
Win: Sit ſtill, what will you take compaſſion vpon ſuch? they are Heritickes.
Iane. We are Chriſtians,
Leaue our conſcience to our ſelues:
We ſtand not heere about Religious cauſes
But are accuſed of Capitall Treaſon.
Win: Then you confeſſe the inditement.
Gus: Euen what you will,
Yet ſaue my *Iane*, although my blood you ſpill.
Iane: If I muſt die, ſaue Princely Guilfords life.
Norf: Who is not moou'd, to ſee this louing ſtrife?
Arun: Pray pardon me, doe what you will to day,
And ile approue it though it be my death.
Win: Then heare the ſpeedy ſentence of your deathes,
You ſhall be carried to the place from whence you came, from thence vnto the place of Execution, through London to be drawne on Hurdles, where thou *Iane* Gray ſhalt ſuffer death by fire. Thou Guilford Dudly hang'd and quartered, So Lord haue mercie vpon you.
Guil: Why this is well, ſince we muſt die,
That wee muſt die together.
Win: Stay and heere the mercie of the Queene,
Becauſe you are of noble parentage.
Although the crime of your offence be great,
Shee is onely pleaſed that you ſhall ——
Both Will ſhee pardon vs?
Win: Only I ſay that you ſhall looſe your heads
Vpon the Tower-Hill, ſo conuey them hence Leife-

Tenant ſtricktly looke ynto your charge.
Guil. Our doomes are knowne,
Our liues haue plaide their parte,
Farwell my *Iane.*
Iane: My Dudly, mine owne heart.
Guil: Faine would I take a cerimonious leaue,
But thats to die a hundred thouſand deathes:
Ian: I cannot ſpeake for teares.
Lif. My Lord, come:
Guil. Great griefes ſpeake louder
When the leaſt are dumb'd. *Exunt.*

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat in the Tower.

Wyat: The ſad aſpect, this priſon doth affoord,
Iumpes with the meaſure that my heart dooth keepe:
And this incloſure here of naught but ſtone,
Yeildes far more comfort then the ſtony hearts
Of them that wrong'd their country, and their friend:
Heere is no periur'd Counſellors to ſweare
A ſacred oath, and then forſweare the ſame,
No innovators heere doth harbor keepe,
A ſtedfaſt ſilence, doth poſſeſſe the place,
In this the Tower is noble being baſe.

Enter Lords to Wyat.

Norf: Sir *Thomas Wyat.*
Wyat. Thats my name indeede.
Win: You ſhould ſay Traitor.
Wyat. Traitor and *Wyats* name,
Differ as farre as Wincheſter and honor.

Win. I

Win: I am a Piller of the Mother Church,
Wyat: And what am I;
Win: One that ſubuerts the ſtate.
Wyat: Inſult not too much, ore th'vnfortunate,
I haue no Byſhops Rochet to declare my innocencie,
This is my Croſſe, that cauſeleſſe
I muſt ſuffer my head, loſſe.
When that houre comes, wherein my blood is ſpilt,
My Croſſe will looke as bright as yours twice guilt.
Norf. Here's for that purpoſe.
Wyat: Is your grace ſo ſhort;
Belike you come to make my death a ſport.
Win: We come to bring you to your execution,
You muſt be hang'd and quartered inſtantly:
At the parke Corner, is a gallous ſet,
Whither make haſt to tender natures debt.
Wyat: Then here's the end of *Wyats* vp,
I to keepe Spaniards from the Land was ſworne,
Right willingly I yeelde my ſelfe to death,
But ſorry ſuch, ſhould haue my place of birth.
Had London kept his word, *Wyat* had
ſtood,
But now King *Phillip* enters through my blood.
Win: Wheres the Lieftenant of the Tower;

Exit Officers with Wyat.

Enter Lieftenant.

Lie: Heere my Lord.
Win: Fetch foorth your other Priſoners.
Lief. My Lord I will, heere lyes young Guilford, heere the Lady *Iane*.
Norfol. Conduct them forth.

Enter

Enter Young Guilford and the Lady Iane.

Guil: Good morrowe once more to my louelye *Iane.*

Iane: The laſt good morrow my ſweete loue to thee.

Guil: WWhat were you reading?

Iane: On a prayer booke.

Guil: Truſt me ſo was I, wee hade neede to pray,
For ſee, the Miniſters of death drawe neere.

Iane: To a prepared minde death is a pleaſure,
I long in ſoule, till I haue ſpent my breath,

Guil: My Lord High Chancelor, you are welcome heather,
What come you to beholde our execution?
And my Lord Arundell, thrice welcome,
You helpt to attache our Father, come you now,
To ſee the blacke concluſion of our Tragedie?

Win: We come to doe our office.

Guil: So doe wee.
Our office is to die, yours to looke on:
We are beholding vnto ſuch beholders,
The time was Lords, when you did flock amaine,
To ſee her crownd, but now to kill my *Iane*,
The world like to a fickell, bends it ſelfe,
Men runne their courſe of liues as in a maze,
Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.

Iane. Patience my Guilford.

Guil. Patience my louely *Iane*:
Patience has blancht thy ſoule, as white as ſnow,
But who ſhall anſwere for thy death? this know,
An innocent to die, what is it leſſe,

But to adde Angels to heauens happineſſe.
The guiltie dying, doe applaud the law,
But when the innocent creature ſtoopes his neck
To an vniuſt doome; vpon the Iudge-the checke.
Liues are like ſoules, requird of their neglectors,
Then ours of you, that ſhould bee our protectors.
Win. Raile not againſt the law.
Guilfor: No, God forbidde, my Lord of Winchester,
It's made of lawe, and ſhould I raile againſt it?
Twere againſt you, if I forget not,
You reioyc'd to ſee that fall of Cromwell,
Ioy you now at me?
Oft dying men are fild with propheſies,
But ile not be a prophet of your il.
Yet knowe my Lordes, they that behold vs now,
May to the axe of Iuſtice one day bowe,
And in that plot of ground where we muſt die,
Sprinckle their bloodes,
Though I know no cauſe why.
Norf: Speake you to me Lord Guilford?
Gui: Norfolke no, I ſpeake to ——
Norf: To whome?
Gui: Alaſſe I doe not knowe which of vs two dies firſt.
Win: The better part.
Gui: O rather kill the worſt.
Iane: Tis I ſweete loue, that firſt muſt kiſſe the blocke.
Guilf. I am a man, men better brooke the ſhocke of threatning death,
Your ſexe are euer weake.

The thoughts of death, a womans heart will breake.

Iane. But I am armde to die.

Guilf: Likelyer to liue:
Death to the vnwilling dooth his preſence giue;
Hee dares not looke the bolde man in the face,
But on the fearefull layes his killing Mace.

Wine. It is the pleaſure of the Queene, that the Lady *Iane* muſt firſt ſuffer death.

Iane. I thanke her Highneſſe,
That I ſhall firſt depart this hapleſſe world,
And not Suruiue to ſee my deere loue dead.

Guilfo: She dying firſt, I three times looſe my head.

Enter the Headſman.

Headſm. Forgiue me Lady I pra'y your death.

Guilf: Ha? haſt thou the heart to kill a face ſo faire.

Win: It is her Headeſ-man.

Guil: And demaundes a pardon,
Onely of her, for taking off her head?

Iane: I gentle Guilford, and I pardon him.

Guil: But ile not pardon him, thou art my wife.
And he ſhall aske me pardon for thy life,

Hed: Pardon me my Lord.

Gui: Riſe, doe not kneele.
Though thou ſubmit'ſt, thou haſt a lowring ſteele
Whoſe fatal declynation brings our death:

Good

Good man of earth, make haſte to make vs earth.
Hadſ. Pleaſeth the Lady *Iane*, ile helpe her off
with her night-Gowne.
Iane: Thankes gentle friend,
But I haue other waiting women to attend mee.
Good Miſtris *Ellin* lend me a helping hand,
To ſtrip me of this worldly ornaments
Off with theſe robes, O teare them from my ſide,
Such ſilken couers are the guilt of pride.
Inſteede of gownes, my couerture be earth,
My worldly death or new Celeſtiall breath.
What is it off?
Lad: Madam almoſte.
Iane: Not yet, O God! how hardly can we
ſhake off this worldes Pomp,
That cleaues vnto vs like our bodies skinne?
Yet thus O God ſhake off thy ſeruants ſinne.
Lady: Here is a ſcarfe to blinde your eyes.
Iane: From all the world, but from my Guilfords
ſight:
Before I faſten this beneath my browe,
Let me behold him with a conſtant looke.
Gui: O doe not kill me with that petious eie:
Iane: Tis my laſt farwell, take it patiently,
My deareſt Guilford let vs kiſſe and part,
Nowe blinde mine eyes, neuer to ſee the skie,
Blindefolde thus leade me, to the blocke to die.
Guil: Oh! *He falles in a trance.*
Norf: How fares my Lord?
Arun: Hee's falne into a trance.
Norf: Wake him not, vntill hee wake himſelfe,
O happie Guilford if thou die in this,

Thy ſoule will be the firſt in heauenly bliſſe.

Enter the Headeſ-man with Ianes head.

Win: Heare comes the Headeſ-man, with the head of *Iane*:

Guil: Who ſpake of *Iane*? who namde my louely *Iane*?

Win. Behold her head.

Gui. O I ſhall faint againe!
Yet let me beare this ſight vnto my graue
My ſweete *Ianes* head:
Looke Norfolke, Arundell, Wincheſter,
Doe malefactors, looke
Thus when they die, a ruddie lippe,
A cleere reflecting eye,
Cheekes purer then the Maiden orient pearle,
That ſprinckles baſhfulnes through the clowdes.
Her innocence, has giuen her this looke:
The like for me to ſhow ſo well being dead,
How willingly, would Guilford looſe his head,

Win, My Lord, the time runs on.

Guil, So does our death.
Heeres one has run ſo faſt ſhee's out of breath,
But the time goes on,
And my faire *Lanes* white ſoule, will be
In heauen before me
If I doe ſtay: ſtay gentle wife,
Thy Guilford followes thee,
Though on the earth we part, by aduerſe fate,
Our ſoules ſhall knock together at heauens gate.

The

The skie is calme, our deathes haue a faire day,
And we ſhall paſſe the ſmoother on our way.
My Lords farwell, I once farwell to all,
The Fathers pride has cauſde the Childrens fall.
Exit Guilford to Death.

Nor. Thus haue we ſeene her Highneſſe will perform'd,
And now their heads and bodies ſhall bee ioynd
And buried in one graue, as fits their loues.
Thus much ile ſay in their behalfes now dead,
Their Fathers pride their liues haue ſeuered.

FINIS.